HARPER'S MAGAZINE

is out to-day-a hig book full of aelightful Summer reading. There are 8 compelling short stories. 28 articles, a great many fine pictures and a few admirable paintings - a great July number.

MODERN **ON-LOOKER**

A well-known member of the English Parliament has just written an interesting book. It is interesting primarily because it tells what the author knowsthoroughly. Then it is well told -full of humorous stories and anecdotes of the interesting people and things in modern English life. The title is An Un-Looker's Note-Book.

The "on-looker"-the successful writer-in fiction applies the same method. So do the humorists. For example, readers have come to expect from the humorous works of John Kendrick Bangs the bright, witty development of some new whimsical idea, a thing he knows thoroughly how to do. That is what made the success of the "House-Boat" series; and it will make more popular still Mr. Bangs' new story, just published, telling the humorous adventures of a mortal among the modern, upto-date gods of Olympus. The title is Olympian Nights.

In every little American town there is always at least one type of the droll, humorous country philosopher. Everybody knows the type. Mr. Will N. Harben knows one of the characters. His name is Abner Daniel-the title of Mr. Harben's new novel. The author has the rare gift of combining pathos and humor in a delightful story of real American life.

A wider field has been chosen in the new volume of stories by Elizabeth G. Jordan. Readers work through her first success, Tales of the Cloister. The new volume is called Tales of Destiny. They are stories not of the cloister, but of men and women of the world. It is a book women especially will like. Still, as one critic said, "Every woman will read it-so will every man."

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VEW BOOKS. broken the package of birdseed!" Kidd's "Prire ples of Western Civil z .tien." No book purporting to deal with the chilesophy of history has in recent years attracted more attention than the "Prin-

thes of Western Civilization," by Benjamin Kidd (Macmillane). Attention the cok has attracted because the theme is refoundly interesting. It is obvious that, t the principles of civilization could be jefinitely formulated, it would forthwith become possible for legislators to shape ire. If the views put forward by Mr Kidd have failed to secure universal. Mr Kidd have failed to secure universal, their light, swaying figures skimming or even widespread, approval, it is be-swallow-like over the saken porch and auso what he calls "principles" do not ommend themselves as such to thinking men, but rather appear to be mere labels appended with disputable correctness to ifferent periods in the evolution of mankind What Mr. Kidd professes to have dis overed is this, that civilization should to regarded as broken into halves by the influence of Christianity; that the principle presiding over the stage of civiliration which preceded the Christian era was one in which the ruling end was obtained by the subordination of the indiidual to existing society; while the prinple that presides over the second mojety which has followed the Christian era is wherein existing society is subordisated to the society of the future. Now, ven if this division of civilization into alves be separated by the Christian e a, and distinguished by the suba selety or of the existing society to the sacrety of the future, what would the dismination amount to? It would amount mply to a record of stages; it would not explain how the one stage came to be lived out of the other. It would simply spresent the performance of service in way of classification; such a humble reliminary service as was performed

the precursors of Lamarck and Darwin,

mera, but failed to explain how one spe-

could be evolved out of another.

grouped living things in species and

We repeat that, even if Mr. Kidd's division civilization were correct, it would not eleate him to the rank of these great experimenters in synthesis, who, like Hegel, comte, Buckle and Herbert Spencer, have endeavored to propound a philosophy of Considered, however, merely as an essay in classification, Mr. Kidd's "Great Antinomy" is open to serious objections. As has been pointed out by Mr. John Beatthe Crozier, the well-known author of "A History of Intellectual Development," it is impossible to separate mankind into those who lived before and those who have lived since the advent of Christianity, and to say that, whereas the former lived the present hour without ideals of any kind stretching beyond the present, either n this world or the next, the latter have had an ideal in the future which has made them dissatisfied with the present. To draw such a distinction would be to divide mankind, not into men and men, but into men and brutes. For, according to the hypothesis, the men who lived before the advent of Christianity, lacking the sense of the ideal, would have lacked the one thing which distinguishes men from brutes As a matter of fact, no such distinction can be drawn. For thousands of years before the birth of Christ the inhabitants of the Nile Valley had in their prayers to Osiris recounted their charities, their deeds of mercy, the uprightness of their dealings with their neighbors, and their gifts to the priesthood, the temples and the gods, and had given orders for their bodies to be embalmed, all in the hope of a future more glorious than the life they had known

For more than ten centuries before the advent of Christianity, the Jews had beheved themselves to be a people chosen and exiles, until at last, not only the nation as a whole, but each individual in it, longed and prayed for the coming Messiah. For enturies before the Israelites had appeared upon the scene, the Hindoos had looked forward to the time when, by asceticism, selfmortifications and prayers, they should ecome worthy to be united with the universal spirit or Brahm; which to them was alone real. Again, upwards of seven cenuries before the dawn of the Christian era, not only was the life of every Roman tizen bound up with the prosperity of his ity in the present, but, ever as his city's way extended he identified himself more and more with its fortunes, until, in the end, ts continued existence into future ages became to him synonymous with civilizaon itself. Then, again, Buddha, still efore the time of Christ, though after the ounding of the city of Romulus, had taught is followers how to realize their dream of escaping from the miseries of this life, as well as from the weary rounds of reincarnation, into a Nirvana of everlasting exnction or rest. No doubt Christianity gave promise of a different future from that ontemplated by the Egyptian, the Hindoo, he Jew, the Roman or the Buddhist, but that is a very different thing from saying hat Christianity alone held out the promise of any future at all, and that, before the advent of Christianity, the lives of men were bound up in the present.

The antinomy which Mr. Kidd wrongly describes as existing between the whole of the civilization which preceded the Chrisian era and to whole of the civilization which has followed it really exists between the two theories of political philosophy which may be roughly defined as individsalism and socialism. According to the English Utilitarians and the economists the Manchester school, who have been conspicuous expounders of individualism, the duty of legislation is to keep steadily in view the welfare of the living individual, be welfare of coming generations being of quite secondary importance. According to the Socialists, the welfare of a given individual is of slight moment compared with that of the community at large, and the welfare of any given generation is of secondary moment to that of the innumerable generations that are to come. There s nothing new either in individualism or in socialism. The Spartans were organized on socialistic principles. So were some of the early Christian communities. On the other hand, individualism is at least as old as Abraham, who left Ur of the Chaldees to seek his own fortune in the wilderness. To say, however, that civilization before the advent of Christianity was, on the whole, characterized by individualism, and that since it has tended to be influenced by socialistic ideas, would be at once recognized as absurd, though behind a cloud of rhetoric something like this is discernible as what Mr. Kidd means to say, if, indeed, there be any clear and definite idea in his

Miss Clara Morris's Novel.

The people are poor in the opening part of Miss Clara Morris's novel, "A Pasteboard Crown" (Charles Scribner's Sons), but they hardly hint at tragedy. The girls, at least, himself. seem to be fairly high-spirited in their please," he said. "This is my affianced impoverished circumstances. "Sybil, oh. wife, Miss Lawton, and I dare not think

Sybil, take care!" Dorothy cries out, "you've of leaving her." Murmurs of sympathy And Sybil, laughing, and dancing about upon a pair of pretty feet, cries: "Dorothy, oh, Dorothy, did you see it, a robin?--it's over there!" They were very pretty girls, even for the neighborhood about Yonkers, and the mounted policeman said 'By Jove!" when he first set eyes upon them, and gal-loped off in a state of high excitement to tell everybody that they were "regular

They danced after they had had tea and bread and butter. Sybil "flung her arm about Dorothy's slim waist, and together they went waitzing out into the old hall, out into the sunshine, where presently a great brown root tripped them up, and they fell, a laughing heap, on the moss. Next instant two excited voices were crying: Violets! Oh, real violets!' And with fingers trembling with haste, and eyes wide with delight, they gathered the timid little hooded darlings of the spring, forgetting their poverty, their makeshifts, and their anxieties, as God meant young things should forget at times, and only remembering that they were sisters who loved each other and had found out there under the

sky their first bed of sweet wild violets." They had lived in Orange, N. J., but possibly not in the violet season. Sybil Lawton wished to go on the stage to earn money for the family. That is a pale way of putting it, but it is the best we can do at the moment The reader will understand how much she wished to go upon the stage when he comes antination of the individual to existing, to read the story. Across the road from the Lawtons lived the famous tragic actress, Claire Morrell. (Curiously enough Miss Morris herself lives in the same neighborhood.) Sybil "went white" and "flushed red from brow to chin" at the mere thought of meeting Claire Morrell. 'The woman of fate,' the two sisters called her, and when they had found a four-leaf clover in the "place of green and fragrant mystery" that had once been an orchard back of dilapidated Woodsedge, where they lived, they thought that she would be bound to be of some assistance to Sybil.

She came cantering along the road pres-They had seen her often at the theatre." Miss Morris says-"had wept themselves sick over her stage heart-break and death [Camille particularly, we supposel; but now they saw no faintest trace of that moving actress in the pleasant faced woman before them-a fair-complexioned, wholesome-looking woman, with lots of brown hair, that had glittering threads all through and through it that were accentuated by the blackness of the velvet derby cap she wore. Her straight nose was a little too short, her cheek bones a little too high, her mouth a little too wide; in fact, she had escaped being a beauty so easily that one could not help feeling she had never been in danger. All of which did not prevent her from being adored by women.

When Sybil came to make her appeal to Taire Morrell for assistance to get a place on the stage, the great actress could not help but see that the girl had plenty of what the critics call "temperament." Claire Morrell had reminded her that she had a father and a mother and a good home. But her words were crossed by a shrill laugh and the bitter cry: 'A good home! Dear God, hear her! A good home! And Sybil clasped her throat with both hands to choke back the strangling sobs that were following that laugh." Claire Morrell drew out Sybil's hat pins and removed her heavy hat. She ran her long finge's through the dark waves of Sybil's hair and said gently: "What is it, child?" Sybil thereupon confessed the Lawton poverty. She threw her arms about Claire Morrell's "May I tell you?" she cried. "Will ou listen?" With a swiftly clouding face she continued: "If death had robbed meif a lover had deserted me-any great disaster would touch your heart! But you, who are rich, successful, secure, cannot and for those who care for them, here is by Jehovah, not only as his peculiar people to the present, but as heirs of His future be expected to understand the shame, the present but as heirs of His future be expected to understand the shame, the present but as heirs of His future be expected to understand the shame, the present but as heirs of His future be expected to understand the shame, the present but as heirs of His future be expected to understand the shame. Kingdom, and they had clung to that dream humination, the suffering caused by mere miliar phrases and situations. poverty! And yet, it is genteel poverty that is crushing out the lives of all those who are dear to me."

Claire Morrell promised to get her a place, and Sybil ran home happy. When she retired that night to the room that she shared with her sister Dorothy her high spirits were bound to find expression. Dorothy had placed the candle high on a small bracket that held their shabby title hymnals and prayer books, and as Sybil entered she saw directly before her the young girl on her knees at the bedside praying. The light fell upon her uplifted happy face, making a faint aureole in the bright hair that at the back fell in a long queue. A tenderness came into Sybil's but as they fell upon the upturned oles of Dorrie's feet from beneath the nightdress, rising mischief triumphed. She looked at the pink round heels, at the whiteness of the hollows, and then the pinkness again across the balls of the little trotters: and, resisting not a moment, stooped, and, drawing her finger zig-zag across them both, produced a wild lash out, a startled ouch!-for ever and ever-Amen! You ought to be ashamed of yourself, Syb" And with that the two engaged in a battle with the pillows. We have said that Sybil

had "temperament." The story includes an account of a railroad accident in the Harlem tunnel. After the crash somebody lit a match and Dorothy cried sharply: 'Blood! blood! Oh, Sybbie's hurt! Can't you help her?" She was helped, and they issued from "that hell darkness and steam and gas and roar" and got home safely. Gentle old Mr. Lawton, "who trembled visibly all his length," and the acidulous Mrs. Lawton, "ghastly under all her rouge," received them. Mr Lawton 'closed his eyes a moment and passed his tongue over his dry under lip. Then, as thrilling sweet as had been their faint birth cries, there came to his ears two joyous 'Papas' Mammas' And then

We do not care to be fulsome, but the phrase about the two joyous papas and mammas fills us with a powerful joy. With an approbation naturally somewhat less we may direct attention to the sarcasm of the author's observations concerning a "very good and beautiful young woman" who played Juliet and who "could not quite hide her contemptuous misunderstanding of the passion-shaken little maid of Ve-We are glad to say that the pasrona. senger who lit a match was an excellent young fellow owning valuable real estate, who afterward married Dorothy. He engaged himself to her in highly romantic fashion. He was on his way to her house to declare his love, with the ring all ready in his pocket, when a runaway horse dashed by, with Dorothy in a cart behind him. Seizing another horse, which stood handy, the young lover sped after and caught the runaway. Dorothy had "gasped once or twice, 'Sybbie! Oh, Sybbie!" and had gone into a half faint, when the runaway was brought up, overturning the cart and throwing Dorothy out. Down went her rescuer, young Leslie Galt, in the dust beside her, crying: *Dorothy! my darling?" The crowd exchanged glances. He saw them and remembered "Run for a doctor, some one,

arose from the crowd. The doctor was brought in a hurry. Leslie Galt drew the ring from his pocket, lifted Dorothy's limp hand, and slipped it upon her finger. She was glad to find it there when she got

better. Poor Sybil was not so fortunate in love, but she made a great Juliet. It may be that Stewart Thrall, the actor-manager with the drooping eyelids, who was her Romeo, would have made her happy if he had not been married and if Jim Roberts had not shot him. Sybil knew only the swift-fleeting beginning of love, but she drank deep of the sweet and bitter rewards of a tragic ambition.

More Stories for Summer Reading.

There is a refreshing deliberateness in "The Love Story of Ahner Stone," by Edwin Carlile Litsey (A. S. Barnes & Co.) that compensates for its brutal tragedy. The love of a middle-aged man and a young girl is no new theme, it is true, and perhaps is more attractive to the middleaged than the young. Here it is told very delightfully, with just enough of the country to make a pleasing background. The hero is amusing and the heroine charming, and it is wanton cruelty on the author's part to give his story the needlessly tragic end it has. Kentucky, he tells us, is the scene, but it might as well be any other

That irresistibly funny wag, Mr. John Kendrick Bangs, in "Olympian Nights," (Harpers), draws the gods of Greece into the net of the Yonkers school of humor. He is sent up into the abode of the gods by an elevator which is run by Cupid, with whom Mr. Bangs exchanges facetious remarks. He discovers that the gods play golf and run automobiles and do other things that are done in Yonkers. It is a harmless sort of amusement for Mr. Bangs and may serve to while away an hour or

so for the thoughtless. A number of stories which we are told made the reputation of Mr. Robert W. Chambers as a novelist are brought cut. with revisions, by the Harpers under the title "The King in Yellow." They seem to be the best work that Mr. Chambers has done. Those dealing with insanity are suitably gruesome; the author seems to have an unusual facility of viewing things from the insane narrators' point of view. The episodes from the Paris Latin quarter are dramatic and show a familarity with Paris topography that is not always found in Mr. Chambers's longer works. These short stories are exciting

An addition to Indiana's contribution to American literature is made by Judge George William Louttit with "A Maid of the Wildwood" (The Colonial Press. Fort Wayne, Ind.) The scene is laid in the Indiana of the Shawnees and other exemplary Indians before the white man exterminated them, and we meet unusually noble red men, Tecumseh and The story reminds us of the Beadle Dime Novels by Mr. Ellis and others, that we were forbidden to read in our childhood, save that Mr. Ellis never would have said "enthuse my old body" as Judge Louttit does. Neither would he have introduced a treacherous British lady of more than doubtful morals or dragged in Dolly Madison or solid chunks of historical

Another and less pardonable Indian tale is "The Little Chief, a Story of the Pilgrim Fathers." by Eliza F. Pollard (E. P. Dutton & Co.) Isn't it about time to let the unfortunate Pilgrim Fathers alone? They have done their duty by their country, their story has been told over and over again ad nauseam, in history, in romance and in the proceedings of the various Colonial societies and associations. Still, historical romances are the fashion,

Napoleon Bonaparte was a great with full faith in his star. If he had known of the things he would have been put through in historical fiction, however, we doubt if he would have taken charge of things at Toulon. He would probably have turned his back on fame and have preferred to remain a subordinate officer artillery. Mr. Sheppard Stevens puts him through all his paces in 'In the Eagles' Talons: A Romance of the Louisiana Purchase" (Little, Brown & Co.) The story is written in view of the coming Exposition at St. Louis. It is written in the Ercles' vein of romantic fiction and should satiate those who yearn for such provender.

The "natives" of the New England coast have never enjoyed being described by the summer boarders. Years ago a young woman who wrote a story successful financiaily was sued for libel by the young man she thought she had flattered in her tale. It is a summer boarder's view of the native. we fancy, that we get in "A Maid of Bar Harbor" by Henrietta G. Rowe (Little, Brown & Co.) There are some good scenes in the book, notably where the little girl has to accuse her brother before her stern father, but the melodramatic lines are drawn pretty thick. It is to Miss Alcott perhaps, that we owe the mawkish admiration of the foreigner in New England female fiction but it is hard to see what need of the Swede episode there is in Miss Rowe's tale and while equivalents for the Maupassant peasant hatreds may be found in Maine, Jotham and his wife are rather too crude

to be probable. We fail to see what fate has to do with Miss Elizabeth G. Jordan's "Tales of Des-They are rather what the author tiny. more than once calls "tearful tales," deliberately intended to work on the reader's lachrymal glands. They are all clever. the author sensibly limiting herself to the psychology of lone women, of which she knows something, and hovering somehow on the border line between newspaper work and literature. Generally the idea of the story is better than the execution, the impression left being that the writer is too much pressed for time to do justice to her work. The stories are good as short stories run nowadays; but we should enjoy them more if the author would give up trying

to harrow our feelings. The fiction that women manage the poli tics at Washington has been accepted by Paul Winchester in "Around the Throne" (B. G. Eichelsperger, Baltimore) which is the flimsiest of woman's gossip drawn out by a curious male interlocutor. We presume it is a "book with a key" where real names can be assigned to the persons libelled, as the characters are often only thinly disguised. The chatter is not interesting enough to make it worth while to guess what persons are aimed at by the author feminine spite.

It seems to be the fate of colleges to have stories about them written by irresponsible persons. In "A Girl of Virginia," by Lucy M. Thurston (Little, Brown & Co.), we have the elaborate love affairs of a young woman, whose suitors and relatives are rather unnecessarily placed in the University of Virginia. Neither the university life nor the university town have anything to do with the story, which might just as well harder because the author occasionally glove fights and golf and billiards and his

forgets good English usage in her writing. The story, however, is about an attractive young woman and the reader's feelings are alternately harrowed and soothed

A Suber Story of Love and Business We have a serious rather than a playful novel in "Rockhaven," by Charles Clark Munn (Lee & Shepard, Posten). a tone of solemnity in the dedication, which says: "To all who despise hypocrisy and deception, who admire manly courage and womanly devotion, whose hearts yet vibrate to the chords of romance, and who respect simple faith in and gratitude to God, this book is respectfully dedicated by the author."

affair between Winn Pardy and Mona Hutton. It is not obviously joyous. Mona plays rather tearful melodies on a violin in a cave on a rock-ribbed island in the sea somewhere north of Boston, and Winn's talk, as well, is suited to the scenery. There is no doubt that Mona suffers by reason of Winn's caution in the indulgence of his emotions. They pay many visits to the cave, and she plays "Annie Laurie many times before his thoughtful love is made known. It is not fintil the next to the last chapter, cailed "Love Eternal,"

There is nothing frivolous in the love

"Each day she went to the cave, striving to recall every word and look and smile of his. A pilgrimage to the shrine of love! A journey to the grave of hope! Some times she carried her violin, but its strings remained nate. Sometimes she fondled and kissed the seashells and starfish, now dry and hard, which his hand had carried to this trysting place. Sometimes-yea, often - had tears fallen upon the cold stone floor of that nook, even as our tears fall upon the grass-grown graves of those we have lost. And then, one day, just as the twilight had darkened the gorge, and she, hopeless and heart-broken, leaned against the cave's cold wall, she saw him enter the ravine. Step by step he climbed upward until the cave was reached, and then he knelt before her. Forgive me Mona,' he said gently, extending his hands I have loved you always,' and as he gathered her close in his arms, God's whisper of life and love eternal spoke from those granite walls."

It makes us a little chilly We hope hev are happy.

Winn's business in Rockhaven was to onduct the quarrying operations of the Rockhaven Granite Company. He supposed this to be an honest enterprise Really it was a stock swindle carried on by a pair of rascals in Boston. The story ells how dupes were made, how the worthless stock was boomed, how the bubble burst, how Winn and some other good people were saved.

Simmons was broker for the rascally company, Page was broker for the people who were to be saved. "Page eyed Simmons. Two tigers of finance, cool, calculating, merciless! The jam about the pole grew worse. A screaming, pushing, mad mass of beings, insane with greed! Some on top, some under, and all cursing. yelling, a writhing monster, all heads and hands, the like of which can nowhere else be found. Thirty was bid, then thirtywo, four, six, eight! Then forty! And then Page, calculating to a nicety, leaped in! In an instant, almost, the price fell wenty points, for Simmons, quick to see his enemy's offer to sell, lost his nerve and offered blocks of ten and twenty thousand shares down, down at any price And the scared bears, as quick as he see the tide had turned, joined the downward bidding. But Page had sold! Winn and Jess were saved! The bubble had

We should say that Winn and Jess were ndeed saved. Jess had bought his stock for a dollar. Winn's had been given to im. Page had sold for twenty. Winn's aunt had lost heavily, but Winn nobly made all the innocent losses good. The scamps who was glad to be rid of him. Hill shot himself, leaving a widow, who likewise did not mourn. It was really an excellent quarry with lots that granite is valuable? The earth is full of granite. Who would not own the earth?

One of the author's favorite characters is Jess Hutton, the old storekeeper, philosopher, oracle of Rockhaven. He kindly old man, who played the fiddle and old long stories, specimens of which are here afforded. We should have thought as well of him if he had not told the stories. They are like his island, difficult, rocky.

In the last chapter we read "Winn President of the new Rockhaven Granite ompany now, and prosperous. A beautiful residence of granite stands back of the old tower on Norse Hill, and there Winn and Mona abide in summer, though the city claims them winters. Mona often entertains her friends with her violis fess still fiddles when he is 'lunsum', which s not often, for a little girl with eves like Mona's thinks 'Campa' the most wonderful man who ever lived. A boy, two years older, would cut that fiddle open to find what made the noise, if he got the chance. . . . Winn and Mona often visit the

gorge on pleasant Sunday afternoons for the exquisite chords of romance still vibrate in their hearts. Occasionally she takes her violin along, and once more the old sweet love songs whisper out of the cave. And hidden away in one corner of it, never disturbed, are a few sea shells and dried starfish."

A little mournful, even at the finish, but we think it was all right.

A Memorial of the War With Spain.

A unique and highly interesting memento of the late war is published by Michael Quinlan, "Printer U. S. Navy, author and publisher," under the title of "The Span sh-American War." It is a reprint of the little newspapers printed first on board the New York, then on the Kearsarge and finally on the Olympia, with later additions. It contains the record of the war as it was learned on board our fighting ships, with accounts of Dewey's victory at Manila. of the deeds of the Marine Battalion at Guantanamo and, later, of the result of the Schley Court of Inquiry. As might be expected, the man behind the guns, first and iast, never dreamed that any one but Admiral Sampson was in command at Santiago. The little book is a curiosity in typography and in illustration, and will be a valuable keepsake for those who can obtain it

We feel safe in calling Lord Granville Gordon, brother and heir of the Marquis of Huntly, an "all-round sport." The appellation may seem out of keeping with his rank but it fits the airy language of his "Sporting Reminiscences" (Grant Richards; E. P. Dutton & Co.) Lord Granville has been a globe trotter besides. He has hunted in the Rocky Mountains and in Norway and have been laid in any other part of the Old Albania. He tells us about his trout fishing Dominion or of the South. It is all the and salmon fishing and what he thinks of

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